

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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## HER PAPA.

My papa's all dressed up to-day;  
He never looked so fine;  
I thought when I first looked at him,  
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—  
The old one was so old—  
It's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,  
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort of glad and sort  
O' sad—I wonder why?  
And every time she looks at him  
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says  
That he belongs to him;  
But papa's joking, cause he knows  
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me  
And mamma. And I guess  
The folks are blind who cannot see  
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet  
Mamma can't help but cry.  
And papa tries to smile at me  
And can't—I wonder why?

—Mary Norton Bradford in *Insurance Critic*.

## STORY OF A CHASE.

There were dead leaves underfoot, but overhead the trees were crimson and russet gold. There were deep lanes under the trees, but beyond stretched open moorland, swelling to the horizon. The wind shook the trees with rustlings as of silk; with clamorous whispers and gasps, rising and falling, but never quite still. But it surged over the moor with the rush and swirl of surf, and then there were silences in sharp contrast, while the clouds drove overhead gathered and massed and trailed away, leaving wide blue gaps. And from time to time there came a glint of sunlight to lie across the moors.

The day was typical of the time, for it was the second year of the civil war in England.

In the principal street of a small post town, at the door of its principal hostelry, a horse stood waiting, tossing its head fretfully at the rough caress of the wind, which whisked its mane to and fro, laying back its ears at the roar of the gale in them, fidgeting impatiently, sidling, starting, stamping—a brown mare, with a coat like satin, and limbs of satin and steel, with a head like a deer, and fine, full nostrils, quivering with eagerness and impatience. It was describing a circle round the man who was holding it, causing a wary falling back among a knot of spectators near the door, when a step sounded on the stair within, and the little ears shot forward with a low whinny at the sight of the lad who cleared the last steps at a bound and came out into the wild autumn morning. A boy with a gay, handsome face, boyishly light hearted, but holding in the curves of mouth and chin the promise of a determination and resourcefulness more than boyish; with bright blue eyes, keen behind their laughter; slim and of only just middle height, but lithe and wiry. He swept off his hat, nodding lightly to the group outside. The mare began to sidle toward him at once, and, taking the reins from the man holding her, he pulled the soft muzzle stretched out to him up to his face and kissed it, with a laugh. With his arm across her neck he turned and spoke to some one who had followed him out to the door of the hostelry—a tall, gray haired man.

"I'll do my best, sir."

The other answered him, with a kindly look in his eyes.

"For that, my lad, I'd give ye credit whate'er should befall."

The color came into the lad's face.

"Thank ye, colonel. I vow I will."

The other proceeded to give him some final instructions.

"And have a care of thyself, lad," he concluded, with a hand on the lad's shoulder, as he turned to re-enter the house. "There be just one or two we could better spare than thee."

"Thank ye," said the lad again, and he seemed about to repeat his former promise, but checked himself, but then, with a laugh and eyes full of mischief, quoted himself mockingly, "I'll do my best, colonel." The other shook his head laughingly and took his departure. The boy looked round at the group in front of him.

"Just one or two here!" he said, nodding at them impudently. There was a playful unsheathing of rapiers. "Nay, nay, in the face

of the colonel's expressed command I cannot pleasure ye, fire eaters that ye are. Tilt ye at each other's considerable throat and let out some of the bile that inspires ye." He sprang nimbly into the saddle and wheeled the mare. "Keep ye, gallants, in all humility till I return. Steady there!" as the mare went up the street like an India rubber ball. "Have a care for my valuable neck."

"Keep her to that, Nick, and I'll warrant ye safe from the Croppies' bullets at e'en five yards!" shouted one man after him.

"From aught but a broken neck," jeered another. The lad, turning in his saddle, called back:

"From envy and malice, Dick Lacy, the Lord deliver thee. Pluck up my heart, man. Didst not quite fall off the last time thy jade coughed? Nay, on the king's business I accept no cartels, but I'll ride a tilt with thee on my return, and thou shalt be tied into thy saddle an thou wilt."

"Sdeath, thou mayst be riding a tilt with thy sponsor and namesake, Old Nick, before then, an thou chance to fall foul of his darlings, the long eared rout, and fail to show them a clean pair of heels."

"Faith, he will be the better and thou the worse of a very notable lesson in the gentle art of equestration should it so fall. But I'd back the mare to show a clean pair of heels to Old Nick himself. So ye would do well to set to and practice thy horsemanship, Dick, Hey, Dick!" he pulled the mare almost on to her haunches for a moment—"canst have my sorrel while I'm away. I would not have thee say but thou hadst all reasonable advantages."

Dick Lacy had recently lost a horse in a brush with the enemy. "And if Old Nick cannot wait longer for my company ye can keep it to practice on against the time we meet again. But the mare and I go to the devil together if it so be."

He disappeared in cloud of dust, followed by ringing laughs and jeers of the knot by the door. He was well known and well liked. He and his mare had pulled more than one man out of a tight corner, and his high spirits and good nature made him a general favorite.

And so crimson and russet and gold came into the lane between the steep bank under the trees, came with a "cling" of iron shod hoofs, trampling the dead leaves underfoot and waking little whirls and eddies among them, with a glitter of steel and a steel-like gleam in blue eyes, which glanced hither and thither, under the trees, down the bypaths, into the open distance—gray blue eyes, with a challenge in them, as in the alertness of the boyish figure, in the hand which never stayed far from the holster, in the shortened reins, the nice touch on the brown mare's mouth, ready to stop her or let her dash into her full stride at a moment's notice.

He was humming a gay little tune under his breath, with a smile on his lips, when suddenly the tune broke off in a sharp indrawn breath, and in a lightning flash the young face changed, flaring into defiance. There was a rush of sound and air and motion. Dead leaves whirled in clouds under the iron shoes as the mare bounded forward under the spur. Dead leaves rose and scattered under other iron shoes. The ring of hoofs had its echo flung back from the other end of the lane, and the gleam of steel met the gleam of steel between the steep banks under the trees. But the lad on the mare was alone, while half a dozen Roundhead troopers filled the narrow track on the other side.

The discovery and the subsequent dash toward a common goal (the path which cut into the lane midway between them) seemed almost simultaneous on both sides, but there was a second's hesitation, an involuntary check, a little inevitable jostling among the troopers' horses, and on the lad's part not a second lost. The mare gained the outlet first. The slope was in her favor, her own superior fleetness, too, and the lightness of her rider. But his bullet was only just in time as he swerved into the path leading on to the moors to intercept one from the foremost

trooper, and a shower of bullets sang after him with high buzzing drone as he turned. Half standing in his stirrups, he rode for the open country—rode for life and trust, with his teeth set, catching his breath, but with a flush on his cheek, and his blue eyes gleaming. He was such a boy—excitement and danger were the salt of life to him. Only the thought of the dispatches he bore sobered him with a sense of responsibility—brought a stern curve to his lips and a line between his brows at the sound and thrill of those thundering hoofs behind him. Fortunately the path was full of sharp curves, so that he was screened from his pursuers at a very short distance. He stood up, easing the mare, and she swept down the dip of the path with a burst which carried her far up the opposite rise on to the moor. He sat down in the saddle and steadied her then, and, riding slantwise up the crest, was able without losing ground to throw a glance back at the mouth of the path he had quitted. In moment he saw one trooper burst from it, closely followed by a second, and then after an interval by a third. He was over the crest and speeding down the opposite side before any more came into sight, but looking back as he came again on to higher ground he saw them all—three first and two behind—dotting the slope. He was within range of bullets, but he trusted to the pace to prevent them from using their weapons, or at least to impair their aim, and the pace was terrific. It roused a sense of wild exhilaration in him.

The rush of the wind made him catch his breath, and sang in his ears with the him of vibrating chords.

A wide, deep ditch in front of them, and toward this he shaped his course. The mare quickened her pace and took it with an effort, the bank crumbling under her hoofs. Behind him presently he heard a splash and the sound of struggling. His face broke into an irrepressible smile of boyish elation. He did not turn and wave his hat ironically, though he would have liked to, but he patted the little creature under him, exclaiming:

"Hey for King Charles! Bravo, my maide!" His color rose jubilantly.

But when at the end of a few more moments he found time to review the situation, he wondered whether they had flung themselves on the pursuit of a chance "malignant," or had caught wind of his errand as the bearer of more or less important dispatches. A stern chase and a long one in the latter case! At the next opportunity he looked round again. They were riding in the same order, with a suggestion of dogged determination about them which he was quick to recognize. He faced round in the saddle again with a dry little laugh, squaring his shoulders with something of their own suggestion of obstinacy, thrusting his feet home in the stirrups and narrowing his eyes against the wind which beat sharply in them, but they were bright and confident still, and he leaned forward with a pat to his mare and a light-hearted word of encouragement as he settled himself in the saddle, throwing keen glances ahead.

Twenty minutes later, breaking from a copse, he saw the clustered roofs of a village in the dip below him and the white ribbon of the highway in front and behind the sweep of the moors, barren of figures for the moment, and his face expressed a resolution more than tinged with elation.

He turned on to the road as the foremost horseman loomed up against the sky line a mile and a half away. But before he had gone a hundred yards the mare made a sudden stumble, and something rang sharply on the hard surface. She had cast a shoe!

He jumped down with an oath. The smithy lay a couple of hundred yards farther on, just above the village, and he led her there at a limping trot. The smith ran out with a readiness which seemed to suggest a grasp of the situation. He asked no questions, but took the bridle out of his hand and set to work without delay. It only remained to the other to possess his

soul in such patience as he could command, which in truth was very little. Outwardly he was calm enough, though, as he stood beside the mare with his hand on her neck he stroked and patted the little creature as though it was she who was maddening at the delay, she who could hardly force herself to stand still. He who had faced far greater odd—with his back against a wall—undaunted, felt overwhelmingly helpless, felt like a trapped animal. He could not keep his eyes from the swelling uplands where the figures shifted in and out, but always nearer and nearer. Every minute dragged and yet flew.

It was with a rebound of spirits so great as to send his mood swinging back to almost reckless confidence that he sprang at last into the saddle and felt the mare take the bit in her teeth. All would go well now, though he could see the troopers' faces set and dogged, though he could catch the muffled drumming of the hoofs on the heath and grass, and the next moment their matchlocks cracked sharply and a couple of bullets actually grazed his cheek and the mare's quarter, making her bound forward. He went down the slope with a smile on his lips and a bold defiance in his eyes. All would go well now!

The slope, which was abrupt, hid him from them. He laughed scornfully when two more loud reports heralded the advent of more bullets, which flew high above his head.

"They are lavish of the powder, the knaves. Do they lose heart?" was his thought. And then—even as he flashed into the little village street, scattering knots of idlers whom the firing seemed to have drawn out of doors—with a sudden misgiving inspired by or confirmed by (both so nearly simultaneous that he could not have told which), an impression of certain figures who were not yokels, and the next moment by the sight of a group of horses ready bridled and saddled by a drinking trough:

"Is it a signal?" He was prepared when an unfriendly hand made a snatch at his bridle. The butt of his pistol brought down on the man's wrist freed him. The bullet was for the assailant who charged him with drawn sword, and the impetus of the gallop rolled over a third, and then the narrow street was left behind, and with his teeth clinched and the unconscious oath still ringing between them, with his breath coming unevenly, and one hand dyed red from a cut, he was out on the broad highway.

Behind the ring of hoofs dwindled suddenly, then broke out with a louder, fresher sound. A single horse followed him on the road. Behind it again there came the sudden check, the renewed fall of hoofs, and again and again. It had puzzled him at first, but he grasped its meaning in a moment. They were changing their horses leaving their tired cattle behind and resuming the chase on fresh animals. It turned the odds against him, he realized with a sinking heart, and then with a sudden fierce sense of injury and a freakish pity and concern, not for himself or even the failure of his mission, but for the game little mare. That she should have struggled so gallantly only to be beaten in the end by a flout of fate!

"A merry trick of the jade Fortune. But we'll fight it to the end, my sweetheart," he told her, and even now he could not think of that end as a foregone conclusion. She was going so well. The short rest had refreshed her, and the sound of the galloping hoofs behind excited her. His mood was illogically compounded of hope and defiance. Surely in the end luck would befriend him, but if not to the devil with it. He would conquer in spite of it. None the less he felt a personal animus against his pursuers which had been wanting up to now—a sense of unfairness in the conditions of the struggle. There was a harder set about his mouth, and the light in his eyes was fiercely resentful as well as determined.

He remembered with a certain savage satisfaction the loss he had inflicted on the troopers, and told

himself there would be more bloodshed before he was taken, and in the thought after awhile a dogged good humor came back to him.

Half an hour later he drew rein on the spur of a hill. The mare was breathing hard, and her coat was black with sweat. Underneath it the veins stood out like a network of ropes. She strained at the reins, stretching her neck and blowing through her nostrils. Her rider, standing in his stirrups, threw impatient glances over his shoulder and anxious ones ahead. Some four miles off a house stood boldly up above its clustered trees, and toward it his looks were directed. He had heard that it was occupied by a small troop of royalists, and now it held his best hope of safety. He shortened the reins after a moment or two and urged the mare forward. The blue eyes were stern now, and he rode with clinched teeth. He handled the pistols reflectively for a moment, looking over his shoulder, and then slipping them back into the holster, having satisfied himself that they were loaded and in working order.

He broke into a gallop again on the level.

Two miles over moorland interspersed with low scrub and stony ground on a tired animal; but the trooper's heavy horses also were under the necessity of picking their way. The distance remained the same.

Then on a road, where the mare, grateful for the change, went a trifle more freely at first. But the fresher horses, breaking from the uneven ground, seized and held their greater advantage—a mile, with the distance lessening between them.

Then the tiny hamlet, overshadowed by the house on the hill. Up the steep little street, saved from bullets by its windings—the mare beginning to roll in her stride, yet still struggling on—across the village green, and there above the wall the dark park trees were leaning, but the massive gates denied admittance to one who could not tarry to give credentials. Beyond them his quick desperate glance lit on a breach in the wall, showing that here, too, the war had come. It had been roughly repaired to a certain height, but a desperate man on a good horse might just manage it. He at least must make the attempt.

He turned the mare at it, and for the first time in her life struck in the spurs mercilessly. She answered with a sob of distress, rose at it, caught her forefeet hard and turned over.

He had slipped his feet out of the stirrups and fell clear. He was up in a moment, but the mare lay still!

He stood beside her, stunned by this final failure, with tears of rage and despair in his eyes. At the gates the troopers were thundering, and then suddenly, as they began to open, the memory of boyish triumphs in fleetness of foot came to his assistance. He must make his feet serve him now as they had never served him before. Turning from her he plunged into the labyrinth of trees to give himself a better chance with the horses, who would not turn so quickly and easily as he would. He had thrust his pistols into his belt. He held his naked sword in his hand. He was conscious as he ran of two figures dropping on to the grass behind him and of the horses sweeping up the avenue to turn him if the others failed to turn him down or to stop him with a bullet. Stiff at first and shaken by the fall, he quickly warmed to the run and outdistanced the troopers.

After awhile he flung away the scabbard by his side. Then, the strain on his heart beginning to tell, he threw away his sword, reserving only the pistols.

Twisting among the trunks, bruising himself, tearing his face, hands, garments, he went on. Once, catching his foot in a trailing creeper, he fell. He lunged on to his feet again, and staggered headlong for the next few paces. Once, reeling suddenly, he clutched at a trunk and, leaning against it, fought for a little breath, while he waited for the nearest man to show himself to fire. He did not wait to see the effect of his shot, but broke into a run again.

He burst at last into the broad

sweep of the avenue, just below the house, firing wildly at any shadow in the trees, chiefly with the idea of arousing the attention of those within, of drawing them to meet him. Headlong, blindly, wildly he ran, staggering at every step, reeling like a drunken man, still keeping his feet, he went on. Livid, with blue lines round his lips, and his eyes—those gay blue eyes—misty and bloodshot. He saw through all their mist and glaze a blurred vision of figures running to meet him, with a glint of arms in the sunlight, and was conscious of the troopers' horses flashing into the avenue. Still staggering, only mindful of the hoofs behind him, of the broad stretch in front, of the feet that refused to carry him farther, he stumbled forward and flung the roll of dispatches as far as he could.

They fell just at the top of the flight of steps. He, with his hands at his breast, clutching at the balustrade, sank on his knees at the bottom.

On his knees on the last step—on his knees. Then, lover, slipping down till he lay huddled up against it, fighting for air in choking sobs. Fighting no longer for king, for loyalty, for honor—drifting into oblivion of all these things, of the hoofs that came slowly and confidently up the avenue, of the men who ran forward to pick up the dispatches, and received them with bewildered looks.

And before the foremost trooper had reached him he had drifted beyond!

The horses stood still, with tired strainings at the reins loose on their necks at last, with tired shifting of the heavy bits in their mouths, with heaving flanks and nostrils distended. One of them, stretching down to the ground, sniffed at the crumpled velvet and lace huddled so quietly there against the step; sniffed curiously round it, paused at a root of grass up sprung in the ground beside it, pulled listlessly at the green blades and moved a little farther on.

The wind whispered through the trees with rustlings as of silk, but it stirred up the avenue over the figure with gathering sighs, over the figure all unwitting that it died in a supreme effort to fling its message at its master's enemies' feet. For garrisons change from day to day in war time, and it has chanced to more than one to find enemies where they looked for friends.

And so Dick Lacy kept the sorrel.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

## THE GATEMAN'S TRIALS.

Do you know, volunteered the observant philosopher in charge of the big gate at the railroad depot, that I am a reformatory instructor or undisciplined pupils? Now, keep your eyes and ears on this smiling lady with her puff combs and corkscrew curls.

Which is my train? she asked as she deposited a pile of packages that would have puzzled a veteran porter. Right there, madam, came the prompt answer, backed up against the bumper, with a card of instructions on it. You can't go astray.

But she will, he continued as she bustled on. See! There she goes on the wrong platform walking like a leader in a six-day match. Now she's dazed, and inside of a second she'll be abusing the railroad company for not looking after her. Now she cut loose, as her voice rent the air like a two-edged sword. Here, Pete, help the old party there into No. 3. Don't leave her till she has a seat and is sure she knows where her tickets are.

Pulled out five-minutes ago, replied the gateman to a big, flushed man, who had just rushed up and asked for the Chicago flier.

Gone! roared the corpulent giant. Gone you say! She is scheduled to leave at 10:05 and it's only 10:03. Look at this watch.

Watch is slow, sir. What! with a whoop. Watch wrong! It hasn't varied the fraction of a second in ten years. It is your infernal company that is wrong. I will report you, sir, for impudence and incompetency, sir. And the big man shook the whole terminal system as he stamped away.

Now you get an idea, concluded the gateman, as he rounded up half a dozen children for a lone woman, and then guarded them while she went for tickets. I ought to get the president's salary.—*Er.*

## THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

As suggestions are now being offered to the Executive Committee of the National Association of the Deaf for consideration, by some of the intelligent deaf, as to the best place for holding the convention, I, as a member of the association, ventured to offer a suggestion also.

While Mr. Hanson advocates for Minnesota and Mrs. Balis for Niagara Falls, N. Y., I would simply advocate for a postponement of the Conventions for 1900 to 1901, when in the latter year the Pan-American Exposition will be held in Buffalo, N. Y., and it would not only be the main attraction for everybody, but would offer a great inducement to every leading deaf person to attend the National Convention if held Buffalo, or Niagara Falls, in at the same time and would doubly increase the membership roll of the Association.

Mr. Hanson very ably advocates for Minnesota, but I am rather inclined to second Mrs. Balis's suggestion for Niagara Falls, N. Y., or Buffalo N. Y., for the reason given above.

The two above cities are distanced from each other only by twenty-two miles, not forty as Mrs. Balis stated, and can be reached by train, trolley, boat or bicycle whichever route might strike the fancy of all. Another reason for offering this suggestion is railroad rates will be at the time of the exposition considerably below the regular fares and would afford every one a chance to take advantage of them.

Mr. Hanson says: "Why Manitoba is close to Minnesota," which remark naturally calls forth a smile. True, Manitoba is comfortably close to Minnesota, but for all that I fear Mr. Hanson, if he looked so far to the Canadian Northwest, he could not get together many of the intelligent Canadian deaf into Minnesota from that section of the Canada.

The majority of the intelligent deaf of Canada are scattered over Ontario and the nearer province. I am much in doubt too if many could be induced to go as far into the United States as Minnesota.

Minnesota, of course, is justified in claiming that it possesses many beautiful rural spots. Niagara Falls and Buffalo can also claim some, as can many other places in this great country.

The beauty of the place (wherever it might be) should not be the main point of consideration, but rather the possible chances of making the convention one that would prove of the most calculable value to its object, by getting together every leading deaf person in the entire country.

On the whole, I heartily concur with Mrs. Balis that Niagara Falls, N. Y., is the best place for holding the next convention of the National Association of the Deaf, provided the postponement to 1901 is made.

I can vouch for the majority of the deaf of Buffalo, that they feel a deep interest in this association, though not themselves members of it, and they would extend a willing hand toward helping make the convention one long to be remembered.

Lovers of the bicycle could form bicycling parties, and take frequent runs into Buffalo. A delightful ride of about twenty-five miles along beautiful roads, considerable of them being paved with asphalt. To add to that several hours could be spent in riding about Buffalo's beautifully paved streets. What more delightful temptation could be offered to the bicyclist?

The world's greatest catarnot, Niagara Falls, might not be so great an attraction, but the Pan-American Exposition ought to be a good inducement to select the place offered by Mrs. Balis for the next convention.

GERTRUDE E. MAXWELL.  
BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 30, '99.

A church race may be just as ungodly as any horse race.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
To the noblest and the truest,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

THE JOURNAL office had the pleasure of a brief visit from Superintendent Jones, of the Ohio Institution, last week. Mr. Jones seems to be an enthusiast in matters pertaining to the education of the deaf, and impressed us as being both observant and appreciative. It is a pleasure to see a man comparatively new to the vocation, possessed of such praiseworthy aspirations to excel in his official station, and in his case it is very apparent that the emoluments of office are of secondary consideration.

THE deaf of the United States States will have a distinguished visitor from Christiania, Norway, this year. He is Mr. Lars A. Havstad, and enjoys the distinction of being an honorary M. A. of Gallaudet College. He is a well-educated gentleman, and uses the English language with a facility and grammatical correctness that would make many of our intelligent deaf-mutes blush at their own mediocrity. Mr. Havstad is employed, we believe, in a Government position in Norway, and his object in visiting the United States is to see our institutions for educating the deaf, the clubs and societies of deaf-mutes, and being a deaf man himself he naturally desires to become acquainted with the educated deaf of America. We know that he will receive a warm welcome. He is expected to arrive in New York during the latter part of April, and may remain in this country for about two months.

ON Thursday and Friday, March 2d and 3d, the Baltimore Mission to the Deaf, which was established by Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet on February 25th, 1859, will celebrate the anniversary of its completion of four decades. The mission never was in thorough-going order until Rev. O. J. Whildin took charge, although the late James S. Wells did what he could to keep it alive, supplemented by periodical visits from the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle and Rev. Drs. Gallaudet and Chamberlain. The coming celebration will mark a new era, which we hope and believe will be the most prosperous that the mission has ever experienced.

THE Thirty-Third Report of the Georgia School for the Deaf, situated at Cave Spring, and presided over by Wesley O. Connor, has reached the JOURNAL sanctum. The first thing noticeable is that the pamphlet, which comprises forty pages, was printed by pupils of the school, and when it is taken into consideration that this is a first effort from the new printing plant which was obtained about a year ago, the pupils and Principal Connor are entitled to congratulations for the very creditable work done. The year's attendance averaged 137.

THE scheme of Prof. Abernethy, to offer up a hundred infants as a sacrifice to science, is one that will never be permitted in this country. It is said to have been tried before, in Europe, with the result that the victim "crew like a rooster." The original language of man, was no doubt grunts and gestures, and experiment will never determine it anyway.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### A Successful Literary Program.

### A SLUMP IN COFFEE.

### Fate of the Independent "Duck"—Minor Incidents.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, '99.—The "Lit" meeting on Friday night was the principal event of the past week. The programme rendered was as follows:

ESSAY—Xantippe and Socrates, Mr. Stutsman, '99.

DEBATE—Has the philosophy of Bacon contributed more to the progress of science than the discoveries of Newton? Affirmative, Messrs. Moran, '01, and Strong, '02. Negative, Messrs. Nichols, '01, and North-ern, '02.

DIALOGUE—The Confession of Louis XI. Messrs. Swanson, '01, and Heyer, '02. DECLAMATION—The Sword of Robert Lee. Mr. Long, '00.

The essay was one of the best features of the programme. The dialogue and declamation were also good and the debate was fair. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative side.

The cold wave from the west reached here last Monday, and brought with it a heavy snow storm. It was cold enough to form ice for skating, but the snow somewhat spoiled the latter, as the ice formed was weak. Nevertheless the students weren't going to allow such an opportunity to slip by, and so Wednesday afternoon they bled themselves away to the ice ponds. It wasn't long, though, before some were seen returning, having taken involuntary cold water baths. I said involuntary, but stay, one seemed something akin to voluntary. He was a "Fresh" attempting the rescue of a young lady, whose class goes by the name of "Ducks." He first tried to calm the excitement of the young lady; then crept up to the rescue, but when he had assisted her out and on her feet again there was another cracking of the ice, a splash, and in they went, the lady for the second time. The funny part of it is that she should call the "Fresh" the "real hero" when she had first gone down with a "Soph." As the water was not deep, they all got out safe and apparently suffered no injurious consequences.

On the next day, discretion was thought to be the better part of valor, and so they took their fun in coasting, which lasted until Saturday.

The Freshmen's "Coffee Trust" stock took a decided slump on Thursday last, when the discovery was made that, while it had not been "embalmed," it had been treated chemically, Na Cl being the chemical used. It is in order now for a "Court Martial" or a "Court of Inquiry," to ascertain whether their "Commissary General" was responsible.

The Yale Alumni of the District of Columbia held their annual banquet on Saturday evening. Prof. Porter was one of the speakers. He responded to the toast, "An Interval of Sixty-nine Years." He graduated in the class of 1829. Another respondent to the same toast was Mr. Brainard W. Parker, 1898. Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Ely were also present. The Harvard Alumni had a banquet on Thursday night. Prof. Hall was at the latter. The little children of Carroll Institute had a Fancy Dress Carnival on Wednesday night. About a dozen of the college girls attended. Prof. Hotchkiss' children and Percival Fay took part in the carnival. Little Mary Hotchkiss, not yet three years old, was the youngest dancer.

The score of basket ball game played by the girls on Monday, with the team representing the Friend's Select School, resulted in a victory for our girls by a score of 16 to 2. That's all I know about it.

Ordinarily I don't take any stock in the escapades of the "Ducks," but lately they have been doing real wonderful things. They got it into their heads that their class needed a new president, or as some report it, one of their number did, and so the man elected last Fall by the assistance of the Freshmen stepped down and out, and the one that first got hold of the idea that they needed a new man sat himself down in the chair to show his brothers a thing or two, chief of which thing, or two things, was that he'd recognize and obey no laws but faculty laws, and solemnly assured them all that there was no book wherein there was any recorded law that "Ducks" should respect and obey Freshmen, or Sophomores, or any other student. In a word, he proclaimed the "Independence of the United Ducks," which independence lasted not long, for the Freshmen soon displayed a little real Napoleonic generalship and strategy, and down went the "Union."

I hear also that they have been having banquets by twos and fours, because they cannot have them as a class. This may not be true, for ye pressmen are not invited.

Well, like the Minnesota Crane when he is funny, and that's nearly always, and also when he flatters our college by calling it a "University," but he sometimes touches up our dignity by calling us "pupils," which doesn't very well harmonize with "university." We are studying some ourselves. Pupils are taught, students are supposed to be able to study some on their own account.

Last week Harper's Weekly contained a short review of our football team. The comments were rather flattering. Our team was especially praised for the clean game they played, and for the absence of any professionalism in its make up.

R. S. C.

### THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have seen in the columns of the JOURNAL a discussion going on over the merits of various cities for holding the next Convention of the National Association. Probably the Executive Committee may have decided by this time on the location. However, it is immaterial to the great majority of the convention-going people which city gets it—as long as traveling and hotel expenses are reduced to a minimum, and a program arranged that appeals strongly to the members. I do not mean merely a literary program, but also entertainments, which always act as a strong drawing card.

In connection with the latter, it is absolutely necessary to know that you can depend upon the citizens of the convention city for hospitality. This hospitality is made manifest through the expressed desires of its citizens for the convention. In fact, nowadays, cities get their conventions only after giving guarantees. These guarantees are usually made in the way of bonus, free hall rents, low hotel rates and liberal entertainments. The National Association has placed no such strictures in the rivalry for the location, depending upon the deaf of the place to provide for everything.

In the present race are St. Paul, Detroit, Cleveland and Niagara Falls. There is no reason for holding the meet at Niagara Falls, unless it is the nearest to New York. The place is too familiar to the average American, who has had any pretensions to traveling. And in regards to hotel and back rates, it is the banner robber city. The bandits of Thessaly and Greece are not "in it" with these hackmen. Even should this be disputed, the convention by rights of precedent belongs to the West this year.

Cleveland and Detroit are ideal cities for conventions. I have never seen them except while passing through on trains and lake steamers, but the fame of Euclid Avenue of Cleveland, and the scenery along the St. Clair River, near Detroit, are known the country over, and if personally I had no other reasons to go except for these, I would still be satisfied. But to come to the point, neither of these cities have expressed a desire to have the convention. Nor do they possess a sufficient number of responsible deaf people who could successfully carry out the orders of the Executive Committee.

The deaf of St. Paul or Minneapolis (either end you wish), have been unusually active during the past two years, and have made many promises which beyond doubt will be kept. With Hanson, Smith, Washburn, Howard, Spear, Thompson, and other well known Minnesota deaf on their right hand side, the convention can look forward to a glorious and successful meet and replete with entertainments. I sincerely hope that the crown of victory may rest on the heads of the Twin Cities.

At the last Convention of the National Association, I was unfortunately kept away by business, so I must assume ignorance in the manner of it being conducted. Yet I have heard it expressed ever and over again that our conventions (state and national) nowadays are given up entirely to reading of papers, which no one scarcely can understand intelligibly in the haste with which they are read, and little or no time to discussions. Let every body who chooses write a paper, but let the program committee pass over its merits. If it is worthy of discussion, let it be read; the other papers be either rejected, or printed in the proceedings without being read. Much time would be saved, which could be utilized for discussions and business.

OSCAR H. REGENSBURG.

"Last St. Paul's Day," January 25th, was the twenty-second anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. A. W. Mann to the Diaconate of the Episcopal Church. The event took place in the year 1877, at Grace Church, Cleveland; the Bishop being the Right Rev. Dr. Bedell, who before his election to Ohio, held the office of Director of the New York Institution for several years. Mr. Mann's ordination followed that of Mr. Syle three months. The two were advanced to Priesthood together on October 14th, 1893, at the Church of the Conventant, Philadelphia.

### HELEN KELLER.

SHE KNOWS HOW TO APPRECIATE ART AT THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM—SHE STUDIES THE FAMOUS CLASSIC STATUES WITH HER WONDERFUL SENSE OF TOUCH.

(From the New York Journal.)

Helen Keller, the beautiful blind girl, who can neither hear nor speak, went to the Boston Art Museum last week.

When she entered the room some one said to her, spelling out the words on her hand, with nimble fingers, "What are you doing here?"

Helen Keller smiled. "I am here to see the statues," she said, writing out the words with her flying fingers. "I cannot see paintings, but I think I will see the statues."

She did see them, and all the art students stopped work and watched her.

Helen Keller is a beautiful, slender girl, with a figure that bends with the grace of a flower blown in the wind.

She climbed a tall ladder and laid her slender hand caressingly on the face of a Sappho.

Her little fingers swept over the features—her face lit up.

"How she smiles," she said. She passed her hands slowly down the shoulder of Michael Angelo's Mother and Child.

Then she "saw" the group, as she sees everything, with her quick, sensitive fingers, and read the inscriptions.

"She makes me cry," she said, "she is so happy."

She stood a long time before the Lion and the Fawn.

"How strong the lion is," she said. "How grand it must be to be strong like that; how he could run—no sun too hot for him—no day too long. It is nice to be a lion."

She did not like the Medusa. She drew in her breath with a little gasp of pain, when the distorted features came under her fingers. "Ah, it is too painful," she said. "Her face hurts me."

She asked to see Apollo. She called him the silver-bowed god. "He is tall," she said, "and slender—that is how I dream of him."

She stood before a bas-relief, on which was chiselled a frieze of garlanded dancing girls.

"Where are the choristers?" She said, as quick as thought.

When she found a bas-relief of choristers she said, smiling her faint tremulous smile that is as evanescent as moonlight on rippling water. "One chorister is silent. He is jealous of the other singers."

She missed the trident of a half finished Neptune before the people with her, who had eyes and ears and tongues that can can speak, had noticed its absence.

She went into the room where the busts are kept. Pericles pleased her best.

"His face is strong and good, too," she said. Julius Caesar looked as he should look, she thought, "proud and dominant." The little children, few as they were, she did not like. "Marble is too cold for children," she said. "It makes me shiver, and their round faces seem stiff and lifeless to me."

As the blind girl moved about the rooms, the students followed her breathlessly and in respectful silence. Her marvelous quickness and her almost incredible delicacy of perception fairly overawed them. She did not notice them. She knew they were there, by that sixth sense which seems to come into the darkness and silence of her strange world like an inspiration, but she had come to see the "marble people," and nothing more ordinary could interest or distract her.

When she had "seen" all the statues, she climbed down from the ladder with a sigh. "I am coming here again, if I may," she said.

"Those people rest me—they do nothing but think, and they are never tired, no, nor lonely either." Helen Keller has never acknowledged that she was lovely, but the wistful smile on her wonderful face as she said that the "marble people" were "never lonely," told a pitiful little story to all who loved her.

No one sees Helen Keller without loving her.

She is so sweet tempered and patient and kindly and merry hearted.

She was born deaf and dumb and blind. People who did not know said that she was weak minded.

But those whose business it is to study such little human beings soon discovered that Helen Keller could think, if she could not speak, and that she could observe, if she could not see.

So they went to work to teach her to express what she thought and to tell what she observed.

It was slow work at first, but day by day the mind in the dark began to awaken. Day by day the nimble little fingers learned how to ask questions, and the puzzled brain learned how to understand the answers.

Helen Keller to-day knows more than any nine out of ten women who have all their senses fully developed. She reads and understands what the raised letters tell her.

She does wonderful modelling. She writes strange, poetic little essays, full of imagination and a fine, far-away sort of sentiment that is like some old-fashioned lavender in the world of perfume.

She is a well educated girl and a singularly attractive one.

Her life in the silence and dark does not make her morose or suspicious.

The blind are often cheerful, but unduly sensitive; the deaf are nearly always melancholy.

Helen Keller is neither sensitive nor sad.

She is more cheerful than the ordinary woman who can see, and she is too busy to waste time on any imaginary grievance.

She will take her visit to the art gallery home with her and live with it for days.

The students who saw her there will take the vision of a bright-faced girl home with them—a girl who sees, although her eyes are darkened, and who hears, although her ears are dulled.

### VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Feb. 6th.—The fifth convention and reunion under the auspices of the Virginia Association is set for August 9th-11th, at Norfolk, and a cordial invitation is extended to those beyond the borders of the Old Dominion who may desire to attend. Mr. W. C. Ritter, at Hampton, will be glad to answer queries on the subject. The local chairman is Mr. Charles A. Bruce.

The Richmond Dispatch spoke gospel truth, when it said editorially some time ago that the people of Virginia were looking forward with great interest to learn what some of the state institution Superintendents and Boards would have to say about the appropriations by the last Legislature which were thought to be inadequate. Superintendent Bowles writes me that our Board has decided not to issue any report until next summer.

Last week Governor Tyler made two appointments to our Board—both of them new men. While these gentlemen are highly spoken of and are above criticism, it would seem that this sort of thing is entirely wrong. The very men that would forever run that school as a political machine are kept on and their terms extended, while just as soon as a real good man gets a little acquainted with the rightful methods and interested in the Deaf and the Blind for other than sweet charity's sake, he is fired to make room for some other—either a politician or a greenhorn.

How beautifully consistent these things must look to knowing ones beyond the borders of our dear old State, and how hoodwinked our people are by such doings.

Whilst two gentlemen go and two come, we say, Long live the King, and yet making that school an old women's club and continuing the old order of things there under a new name, causes us to ask whither we are drifting.

If the Virginian Association will do something to benefit our class and those so near unto our hearts as the blind, and people in whom our own blood courses through their veins, let it take up this matter of getting institutions out of the clutches of the politicians.

There was quite a coterie of mutes in Richmond during the holidays. Of course they had a good time.

Miss Lina Davidson has returned to her home in Bedford. She has entirely recovered from her illness.

Miss Barrow is back at her home in Prince Edward. She has a deaf-mute friend—oral taught, I think—nearly.

Miss Anna Poyntz is still in Roanoke. Her relatives are connected with the Women's College there, which has a deaf-mute student from Florida.

Jim Trice, of King William, and Old Uncle Osborn, of Stafford, were with the girls in Richmond Christmas.

Miss Bessie Johnson is still with Miss Nora Horton in the Franklin Street Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital in Baltimore. Miss Horton at last accounts was improving, though it is difficult to say whether this will be of ultimate benefit or not. She suffers from blood trouble, which periodically causes a species of paralysis of both the nerves of the eye and ear and right limb. The matron believes her main trouble is due to criminal neglect by persons who are entirely unfit to care for either the deaf or the blind. The condition of the poor girl is enough to soften a heart of stone, and it is no wonder that she often wishes herself dead.

I have seen her say in her sweet, soul-touching voice, "Doctor dear, please tell me honestly and truly if you think that I shall ever see or hear again?" and only to note the doctor pat her upon the shoulder cheek or hand, and turn away, his eyes glistening with tears.

Whatever can be done for her at any institution or any mortal, will be done for the poor girl at this splendid and noble institution and its people there, and yet, like poor Blind Bartimeus, what can be done for her sight in these days. One eye is gone forever, the other

is useless at most times, and the worst part of it is that his poor girl has not been accustomed to this terrible thing and perhaps never will be. Reared as well as born within a stone's throw of the park where the squirrels frisk about and climb over nearly every one, and the birds of spring sing their sweetest songs, if she sits there again it be in silence and in darkness supreme.

Her first two weeks at the hospital were spent without an answer being given to a question, unless it was by means of a shake of the hand, a pat on the shoulder, or a kiss—a kiss for pity's sake.

B.

### TRENTON N. J.

It was in the year '97, when two deaf-mutes, a lady and gentleman, met. They, at once became infatuated with the other, so the story goes. Their infatuation became stronger as time rolled by, and at last this young gentleman (?) in question, proposed. He was accepted. The engagement was never made known, publicly. This gentleman, in time, turned out to be a betrayer, and when he was called upon to keep his promise, he refused. So he was sued on a charge of breach of promise and betrayal. And the trial was to take place on January 18th, but was postponed to a later date, on account of the inability of securing an interpreter.

The parties are both graduates of the New Jersey School. Miss Hannah Adams, of Metuchen, Mr. Harry Rigg, of Burlington.

It is simply surprising what a deaf-mute can do, when he determines to. An instance of this recently came under my notice, and caused a pleasant surprise. To be more explicit in my explanation, I will say that this young man, a pupil of the New Jersey School, has made a start in the world as a disciple of Benjamin Franklin. He was employed at a printing house of the writer about a year ago, for a week, but at the end of the week he was politely given the "G. B."—cause: not satisfactory. Recently (two weeks ago), work became so heavy that we were obliged to look for "extra" help. Printers being scarce, we had to hunt for one. I spoke of this fellow in question, but the boss said he did not care to have him again.

But I was persistent, and at last succeeded in getting this fellow a temporary place. He came; he saw; he went away pleased; so was I, the boss, too. Bad, unpunctuated manuscript had no terrors for him; indeed, I had to get his help on one occasion. I asked him how it was that he had made such an improvement. Same old story—"Strict attention to work, and always sure of being right before going ahead." This is explicit, true, too.

To look back over the many graduates of the New Jersey School Printing Department, it is with a feeling of gratitude that nearly all who had the ambition to stick to their trade, secured positions—held them—and are still holding them to the satisfaction of themselves and employers. Those who were under the instructorship of Geo. Sidney Porter, the present instructor, upon graduating, secured positions almost at once. Among them are:

Wallace Cook, Long Branch, Charles Hummer, Jersey City, (in business for himself.) James Deegan, Camden, Charles Costella, Newark, Harry Sanger Smith, Trenton. For myself, I have held my position for four years.

"Fainting heart! behold an image Of man's brief and struggling life, Whose best prizes he must capture With an earnest, noble strife.

Onward! upward, reaching ever, Bending to the weight of cares, Hoping, fearing, still expecting, We go creeping up the stairs—of fame."

Marvin S. Hunt, of the school, has been working in an uptown office for the past two weeks, and his employer was so pleased that he will have a permanent position when Harry Sanger Smith leaves for the South, next fall, in company with a market hunter.

The writer, in company with several friends, expects to make a trip to Newark on February 22d, to "take in" the ball of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society. There seems to be a sort of rivalry on the part of the New York and New Jersey boys, and when they come together, it is sometimes, a case of clan against clan. Let us hope that there will be no disgracing rows, after this occasion. Let the New Jersey boys alone and they will let you alone. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Frank Nutt, our "Beau Brummell," has not had steady work on account of the Pottery trust, but he is a cigar box maker as well as a potter, so he is all right.

Isaac R. Bowker, the oldest and most respected bachelor in town, has steady work in a lamp globe factory, and is making good wages. We often wonder how much longer "Oyster Ike" will keep the spell of bachelorhood, and become a benedict. He is reported to be quite

well off in this mundane sphere, and owns considerable real estate. Ike says he is in no hurry, and when Ike says a thing, it can be relied upon. He is a man of deeds not of words.

Frank Purcell, the great long-distance bicycle rider, is as usual working hard day and night, so we hear. He has laid aside quite a comfortable sum, and soon expects to stop paying board, to pay rent.

Your humble correspondent, is still at the old place, manufacturing full-sheet posters, dodgers and business cards.

Harry F. Pideock, the jolliest and most hugely proportioned deaf-mute in Lambertville, frequently pays the Trenton a visit on Sundays. The "boys" are always glad to see him, and we often wish he was a resident of our city. He says he can't wait until the "bike" season opens, and that his 87 gear seems weary after its long enforced rest.

William L. Salter, is still working at his old place, as a machinist with the American Saw Company.

We have a photographer—a good one, too—not a professional, but pretty near it. The person in question is our esteemed friend, Mr. G. S. Porter, printer, publisher, wheelman and photographer. Some of his outdoor work would make some of the "perfish" turn green with envy. He only took up this picture about a year ago, and it would be a difficult matter for one not acquainted with photography, to distinguish his work from that of a professional.

The condition of the social feeling among ourselves is all right. We hardly ever have any disputes, and when we do, it don't last a day. This is more than other cities can boast of. Perhaps its because there is not such a large population of deaf-mutes.

On a recent Sunday, while talking of the coming re-union of the old graduates of the Fanwood School, it occurred to us that it would be a good idea for the New Jersey School to follow the example of Fanwood. It would be a success, greater than our convention was, and it would do us good to meet any old schoolmates after many years have passed. How could we go about it? Maybe Brother Pach can tell.

HARRY SANGER SMITH.

### IRELAND.

MISSION HALL FOR THE ADULT DEAF AND DUMB.

The Mission Hall for the Adult Deaf and Dumb, 11 Fisherwick Place, was the scene of an interesting social function last evening, the occasion being the return from their wedding trip of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Maginn. Mr. Maginn, as is well known, is himself deaf and dumb, and has been stationed in Belfast for some twelve years past as missionary to the deaf. In that capacity he has proved himself the right man in the right place—spiring no effort to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of those under his care without regard to creed or nationality. His popularity among the deaf is the natural result of years of faithful service on their behalf, and the unanimity of his feeling was amply proved by last night's proceedings, when the rooms of the mission hall were crowded to excess by almost one hundred deaf mutes, who joined in giving a hearty welcome home to their missionary and his bride, who, it should be said, is a hearing and speaking lady from Dublin, a daughter of Mr. R. C. McClenne, of No. 66 Brighton square, Rathgar. Among those present at the reception were a few friends connected with the mission, including—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Riddall, J. A. Tillinghast, M. A., principal of the Ulster Institution for the Deaf and Blind; Mr. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Harris, Miss A. Millar, Miss Brown, Miss Patterson, Mr. Shannon, Miss M. Harris, Mr. M. Sands, Miss S. Entriean, and the Misses Quigley.

Tea was served in the reading-room from 7:30 to 8 o'clock—the arrangements being carried out with most satisfactory results by Mrs. Harris, the efficient lady superintendent of the hall, assisted by Miss Millar, Miss Brown, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. W. E. Harris, Miss M. Harris, Miss Entriean, and Miss Patterson. An adjournment was then made to the service room, where the Rev. Dr. Riddall was, on the motion of Mr. Baird, seconded by Mr. Radcliff, called upon to preside. Mr. Alex. Park, on behalf of the deaf and dumb, welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Maginn in most cordial terms. Speeches were also delivered by Messrs. O. Williams, A. Craig, W. J. Smyth, and W. J. McCanley, all referring in terms of high praise to Mr. Maginn's ability, zeal, and kindness of heart, and expressing the hope that he and Mrs. Maginn might be long spared to carry on their work in Belfast. Mr. Maginn having replied, and expressed his own and Mrs. Maginn's thanks for the more than kind welcome they had received, the proceedings terminated.—Belfast News-Letter, Jan. 27.

Cities are the tombs of nature, the cradles of art.



## PHILADELPHIA.

### The Cleric Literary Association to Re-organize.

### A QUEER SCHEME OF A SCIENTIST.

### Mrs. Buch Dead--Numerous Notes.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

A special meeting of the Council of the Cleric Literary Association was held last Thursday evening, the President, F. C. Smielau, presiding. It was called for the purpose of hearing the report of the special Committee appointed to examine into the expediency of making changes in the management of the Association. The Committee recommended a number of changes and a general return to the old system of government that existed prior to the reorganization. This will mean the abolishment of the Council, and a reduction of the membership dues from three dollars to one dollar per year.

The report was adopted unanimously, and Messrs. R. M. Ziegler, F. C. Smielau and Jas. S. Reider were re-appointed a special committee to revise the Constitution and By-Laws in accordance with the changes recommended. They are expected to finish their labors in time for the next quarterly business meeting in March.

The membership roll of the Association has about fifty names on it at present. The change in dues may induce many more to join. No other association for the deaf in this city offers as liberal inducements as this one. We shall hope to see it flourish more than ever in future.

The Philadelphia Press, February 6th, devotes more than two columns to an article entitled "To Find out Adam's Language," in which the author, Prof. Arthur T. Abernethy, of this city, describes his scheme "to found a colony of infants guarded by deaf-mutes in the hope that he will find the World's original tongue or create a new one." The Professor states that he is backed by a millionaire and that he is ready to proceed with his scheme. His first job is to procure the full surrender of 200 infants by their mothers for a period of fifteen years, and they to be isolated from the rest of the world, save their caretakers, who are to be deaf-mutes, for that length of time. In return, the protection, care and support the children will be guaranteed to the mothers, and, moreover, they will be given such conveniences as can be had in cities.

In brief, the professor's scheme is elaborate, but we are very skeptical of its success, particularly of the formation of the colony. We are inclined to think that Prof. Abernethy knows very little about deaf-mutes or he would not bring them into the scheme. He wants uneducated deaf-mutes, too, and they are most likely of all to spoil his scheme.

For, how will he get them to understand his wishes and purposes. Perhaps, in the end, the result will be very different from what he expected and, instead of Adam's language, he will have found a new sign-language.

A friend kindly sent us the following: "Mr. J. W. Jones, Superintendent of the Ohio Institution, is visiting schools in the east. He gave the Mt. Airy School a day and a half and the Bala School a half day of his time. Mr. Jones has a body full of energy and a head full of brains, and he is giving both wholly to the service of the Ohio School."

A short time ago we reported the case of a deaf-mute who cured himself of the grip by drinking copiously of ice-water. The other day we read of the case of a hearing foolish, who must have been more foolish than our deaf friend, if we can not approve either of the methods of cure employed by two. We shall present the new case below, not for our readers to copy, but rather for their amusement:

There is a man of some prominence in up-town business circles who has invented a cure for the grip which will hardly recommend itself to other victims of the malady nor will it receive the sanction of materia medica. When he diagnosed his case as that of grip he wrapped himself in a linen sheet which had been soaked in ice water, and then went to bed under a load of woolen blankets to superinduce a free perspiration. This remarkable treatment he repeated several times, until he declared he had no pains in his body. A dull headache remained to afflict him, however, he concluded he could rid himself of it by walking barefooted on the ice-cold bricks in the yard of his house for 15 or 20 minutes, which he did, although his toes were frost-bitten as the result. He pronounced the cure to be perfect, but his solicitous family and friends are awaiting the development of the first symptoms of pneumonia.

Mr. Harry E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., was tendered a surprise party on February 1st, the anniversary of his birthday. An enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Spencer M. Hannold, Mrs. E.

E. Roop, Mrs. M. G. Stevens and daughter, Misses Cora Ford, Katie Eisele, Emily R. Hamilton and Katie Stetser, and Messrs. Stiles and Smielau.

Rev. Mr. Koehler was too ill on Sunday to administer the Holy Communion, and therefore the service was unusually short.

The infant girl of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Delp is said to be seriously ill.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Frederick Buch succumbed to consumption on Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. A husband and little daughter survive her. Her remains were removed to her parents' home in Norristown, Pa., from which place the funeral will take place on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Buch's maiden name was Miss Maggie Hoffman. Mr. Buch has the sympathy of a large number of friends here in his great bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Wilson have decided to name their third son Edward D., Jr. He was born on Wednesday afternoon, February first.

Miss Nettie Adams, who with her mother has been visiting her brother at Jersey City, N. J., for the past two weeks, returned home last Monday night. She came back at the request of her employer who desired her services.

Mrs. Thomas Jones has gone to Roversford, Pa., to see her parents, and expects to stay for a couple of days.

Miss Annie Auer gave an euchre party to her friends at her home last Saturday night. A most pleasant evening was spent, during which refreshments were served. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William F. Durian, Mrs. Lousia Sliker, Miss Katie Eisele, and Messrs. William Fries, McCall, and H. G. Gunkel.

Peter Moran's left hand was badly bitten by a vicious horse which he was holding. He is a tin-roofer by occupation.

A report has reached us that Mr. Devlin, formerly of this city, but now of Steelton, Pa., was seriously injured in the steel rail mill at that place. Mr. A. Martin works in the place.

On Ash Wednesday, February 15th, there will be a celebration of Holy Communion at All Souls' Church at 10:30 A.M., and Evening Prayer at 8 P.M., and thereafter short services will be held every Wednesday evening during Lent. Mr. Rider has become the possessor of an Eastman No. 4 Bullet Special Kodak.

Feb. 6, '99.

### Annual Report on Domestic Missions.

THE Board of Managers presents herewith the sixty-third annual report of the work of the Church in Domestic Missions. It closes also the twenty-first triennium since the full organization in 1835. It contains the reports of the several Missionary Bishops; a list of the missionaries ordained and unordained; the Treasurer's report of receipts and disbursements for the year; a table of dioceses and missionary jurisdictions, showing appropriations and contributions for 1897-98; and an analysis of receipts for Domestic Missions since 1877; all of which are commended to the attention of the clergy and laity of the Church.

### THE WORK AMONG DEAF-MUTES.

Since February 1st, 1873, the Rev. A. W. Mann has been employed as general missionary to the deaf-mutes in the "Mid-Western Mission." During this long period of service he has made, in the aggregate, 300 annual reports to the Bishops in whose dioceses the work is carried on, has written fully 40,000 letters and postal cards, has distributed nearly 1,000 Prayer Books and as many tracts, and has gathered into the Church about 500 communicants. He reports that there is one deaf-mute to 1,600 hearing people, so that "silent congregations" are small by comparison, the attendance averaging from two in small towns to seventy-five in large cities. The statistics for the year ending July 1st, 1898, are as follows: Number of services (three months in Europe), 144; places served, forty-three; baptisms, twenty-five; confirmations, twenty-seven; deaf-mute schools visited (four in Europe), thirteen.

Statistics of twenty-five years' labors: Services, 3,648; places, 293; parishes (in some places more than one parish), 362; baptisms, 778; by rectors of hearing children of deaf-mutes, twenty-six; total, 804; confirmations, 682; deaf-mute schools visited, thirty-six; marriages solemnized, eighty-six.

### FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.

About 10 o'clock Monday morning while the keeper was cleaning the cage containing the trained mice now on exhibition in shoe dealer John A. Kadel's show window, one of the mice escaped and has not yet been found, although a diligent search has been kept up ever since. It seems that some commotion in the large crowd which was witnessing the tricks of these wonderful

mice from the sidewalk attracted the keeper's attention, and although he glanced up but for a moment one of the mice succeeded in getting out of the cage and through the store door, which happened to be open, into the street. That is the last that has been seen of the mouse, and to-day Mr. Kadel is grieving the loss of what he says was a very valuable mouse and one that he prized very highly. He surely must think it valuable, else he would not offer the above reward. He says this mouse was the smartest one he had, could do anything but talk. It will come to the call of Jennie, was a little larger than the ordinary mouse, and can be identified by two white spots on its back, one small one near the left ear and a larger one near its tail. Any one finding and returning this mouse to Mr. Kadel's shoe store, No. 82 Pike Street, will receive the above reward.—Port Jervis Gazette.

### Michigan City, Indiana.

The thermometer has taken a tumble way below zero, and it is growing "cold, colder, coldest," as we used to parse it in the grammar lesson, in the days of "auld lang syne" at the Indiana school.

Mr. H. W. Whitmore, of Laporte, for the first time in many years, took to his bed on Jan. 21, and for a week had a pretty hard tussle with bronchitis and the "grip," but is now on the road to recovery.

Mrs. Whitmore is much improved in health at present. Her only sister, residing at South Bend, died, Jan. 2, of pneumonia. Mrs. Whitmore is the only surviving member of the family, her parents having been dead many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Garwood, of Westville, attended services at Laporte, Jan. 28th, and in the evening Mrs. Garwood went to Michigan City, where she remained until Friday, the guest of Miss Daisy Hostetter. The two ladies, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hostetter, spent Thursday with the Carlises, at Waterford.

Mr. and Mrs. Garwood will go to housekeeping in the spring, under their own vine and fig tree, as Mr. Garwood's father is having a house built for them near Westville.

Mr. Willie Smith visited his mother at Laporte the later part of January, returning to South Bend on the 28th.

Mrs. Charles Cloud, of Michigan City, spent the later part of January with her folks at Laporte, and attended the Mission service.

Joshua Loving, of Union Mills, went from Laporte to Waterford, on the 29th ult., and remained a week, visiting the Cross Community.

Mr. Richard Cross, of Waterford, died February 2d, of old age and general debility, being in his seventy-ninth year. He was the father of Messdames Collins and Schuster, Jasper, Barnum and Jesse Cross, they being all congenital deaf-mutes. Beside these children, he leaves also a widow to mourn his demise. The deceased was a member of the Dunkard Church during the later part of his life, and the funeral was held from the church, at Waterford, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Charles Cloud, of Michigan City, has purchased a small tract of land just south of the city, and will soon commence the erection of a cosy home thereon. Mr. Cloud has his own way to make in the world, and although but 23 years of age, industry and perseverance have given him a favorable start in life. He proposes to go to farming on a small scale, but retains his present position as moulder at the ear works, devoting only his leisure time to farm work.

Mr. Will Greathouse, of Peru, has secured employment in this city. He formerly worked here, some five years ago.

The Laporte Mission met January 28th, with an attendance of thirteen. The Bible study was on the subject, "To be worthy of Christ."

Rev. Hasenstab took for his text, St. Matt. 7:11—"How much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" The usual prayers and hymns were rendered, a collection taken and the meeting dismissed at 4 P.M., with the benediction. Miss Connor substituted for the regular secretary, and to her we are indebted for the greater part of the above items.

Mr. Hasenstab will be the guest of Miss Connor at the meeting on Feb. 25th, instead of at the Whitmore's as usual.

Mr. Hasenstab preached also at South Bend, Jan. 25th, the meeting being with Miss Lottie Huggart. He was forced to remain over night at South Bend, owing to a change in the railroad time card. Mr. Ira Kellar played the host on this occasion.

Feb. 4, 1899.

PITTI-SING.

A grandson of Lafayette, formerly Secretary of the French Legation, in Washington, died in Paris, December 28th, aged 97 years.

The Siberian Railway, by opening up a rich agricultural district, is considered by many a serious menace to our wheat growers.

## CHICAGO.

### Something About the Pas-a-Pas Club.

### HOW REGGY COWED A BULL.

### Run Down by a Milk Wagon.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Post Office.]

The business meetings of the Pas-a-Pas Club are good barometers of the financial condition of its members. When the members turn up and pay their dues, it means that they have steady work, but let them lose their positions through negligence or unavoidable accidents, then their resignations tell it. In narrating the rise of the club (leaving it to some other correspondent to write its decline and fall?) it will be pardonable if I should drift into moralizing, and methinks it will interest many of my school and college-mates, now engaged in the noble task of education of youths. Before me lies a very large photograph group of the club, as taken in 1893, in Lincoln Park, with the statue of the Emancipator in the background. It represents fifty-three members, with ten absent, a total membership of sixty-three. Since then only two have died: M. Schuttler and J. N. Bergler. The following have left the club, some having moved out of the city and others not caring to join, viz: M. J. Grimm, P. H. Hilliard, T. W. Hartford, G. E. Morton, H. A. Beaman, J. M. Griffin, C. C. Colby, E. L. Holycross, J. S. Gordon, G. H. Carter, M. Cox, E. D. Hunter, F. C. Hartung, C. M. Houston, H. A. Brimble, J. Verity, L. J. Laingor, T. Foy, J. Loew, J. L. Watson, J. W. Coughlan, J. Dolan, C. A. Corey, G. A. Christensen, D. S. Gorey, E. N. Bowes, H. C. Ross, G. J. Reinke, G. E. Merrill, H. Evanson, F. Wedekind, E. M. Huggins, R. L. H. Long, C. L. Buchan.

If one were to ask to explain the sticking together by old members, upon close observation of their habits the last ten years, this explanation of "the survival of the fittest," would be upon their steady habits, their social tact, good fellowship and the possession of a sixth sense that enabled them to get along with their employers. However, many of them are printers thrown out of work by the linotype machines.

A quorum of thirty members met in Handel Hall on occasion of their business meeting for February. The treasurer was absent for the first time in many years, grip having tackled him and brought him to the earth with a sickening thud. However, his case was reported as light and hopes were entertained for the recovery of the hustling officer. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted on motion of Mr. Kleinhaus, adding congratulations to Mr. Shotwell, the recording secretary, on his approaching marriage. The corresponding secretary had no communications to read.

Fred Hyman, as chairman of the auditing committee, reported the treasurer's accounts as O. K. Mr. Regensburg asked the club to give the treasurer power to reimburse him for a loan on account of the ball, which was granted. Mr. Wayman, of the entertainment committee, explained that he had prepared a printed program for the year 1899, in the printing house of Regensburg & Seckbach, which would explain the work of his committee. The first thing on the program is a debate on Expansion for February 11th, between Mr. Dougherty and Y. T.; February 18th, lecture by Mr. Howard; February 25th, a colonial party (room 608) open to all upon payment of 50 cents for both gentleman and lady. Mr. Codman, from the July 4th Picnic Committee, reported having selected the grounds, and that it was so arranged that the Ladies' Aid Society would attend to the refreshment end of the affair.

Messrs. Thomas and Hyman were admitted as members upon favorable report of the Examining Committee. Mr. Gus Hyman was absent (perhaps he was afraid of the Club Goat), but Mr. Thomas was present and made a speech. He said that although a new member he was of an old Chicago Club organized before the Pas-a-Pas Club and that he was even older than Mr. Cotton. (A digression was made to ask Mr. Cotton his age and he said "going on 73"). The humor struck every body at once and the speaker subsided. Genuine streaks of wit and humor doth flash at this silent club, for the members suggested that Mr. Thomas must own up to 96 years, and that he had a cinch on the Presidency of the Liars' Club.

Like "thunder heard remote," the fiery debate of the evening was when Mr. Codman asked for privilege from the club to make the entertainments of the club an open

one, and not exclusive as hitherto. By it, outsiders could partake of the entertainments, especially on special occasions, as Gallaudet Day, Decoration Day, etc. It passed, but after heated debate that nearly burnt up some one's fingers. This open-door policy of the club is to be commended, and will win for it friends in the outside.

A letter was received from the Ladies' Aid Society, proposing affiliation with the Club, as far as lectures and entertainments were concerned. Mr. Regensburg spoke against it strongly, and as he halted in the heat of debate to consult notes, some one suggested that it was a pocket dictionary. The debate was cut short by Mr. Kleinhaus moving that it be laid on the table. This proposed action was made in order to have more crowds present when persons from a distance should come here to deliver lectures, as the rather small crowds that have gathered at lectures have not been a credit to Chicago. The proposer, however, explained that the club needed more time to consider the matter. The club adjourned at half past ten o'clock, having done enough business for the evening.

Mr. Sidney Howard's employer, Thomas H. Banning, lectured at University Congregational Church, February 3, on Color Photography. It deserves more than a passing notice, as being a remarkable discovery by James W. McDonough, who, at one time, had a legal contest with Prof. Bell about the discovery of the telephone. He won it a lower court, but lost in the Supreme Court. With a long prepared lecture, Mr. Banning, as one of the stockholders of the company, gave stereopticon slide photographs of the Wooded Island and Washington Park, produced in Nature's own colors. Who will say "There is nothing new under the sun" now?

Mr. Cornelius Cuddeback, of Lyons, N. Y., who died recently, came to the World's Fair here with his wife, and remained two weeks. Mr. Howard was pleased to meet them and renew old school day acquaintance with them. Mr. Cuddeback knew how to run a farm skillfully and has always been accounted a prosperous man.

Mr. Hasenstab disposed of quite a lot of books containing Howard Glyndon's poems entitled "Of El Dorado," to the members of the club after it adjourned. "Sparkling thoughts couched in brilliant verse," sums up the criticism of them. I had the pleasure of meeting the authoress in Washington, years ago. She had a little daughter, that must have grown to womanhood now. At the capital, Howard Glyndon made the acquaintance of the distinguished men of Congress. She was then writing a book on some subject, I forget what.

When Cudawallader Washburn was recently in Chicago, visiting O. H. Regensburg, they went to inspect the stock yards where "embalmed beef" is said to be made. The famous old war horse, George T. Dougherty, better known as "Fire escape George," went along to guide them through the factories of Armour's, Swift's, and Morris'. They had just entered the gate of the stock yards, and were lightly trodding their way along "Packer's Alley," inspecting the steers in the pens on either side. Suddenly a runaway Texas steer came rushing down the "alley" with a cowboy on a horse in hot pursuit. The old grand mogul of the H.O.S.S. took in the situation in less than no time, made a dash for the nearest telegraph pole, but finding none, scaled a high board fence with wonderful agility and stood there trembling, waiting for the onset to begin.

"Reggy" was too busy looking at the pens to notice what was up, but Washburn grabbed him and used him as a shield. Reggy came to his senses immediately, and began to mumble his prayers. Suddenly he thought of the football tactics he learned at Gallaudet College, braced himself up to receive the "rush" with Washburn, the old captain of the second eleven, bracing him up from behind. Just as the bull got within a foot or two of him it stopped suddenly, sniffed the air, turned around and meekly allowed himself to be lassoed by the pursuing cowboy. Reggy does not know whether it was his football tactics that saved him, or whether his 250 pound frame was considered too much by the runaway steer. As to "Fire Escape George," he could not be persuaded to come down from the fence until he was assured there were no more runaway bulls about. Since then it is said he has placed additional insurance on his life.

Rev. Mr. Hasenstab chose for his text, February 4th, St. John viii., 16.—Jesus answered them and said "My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me." The gem of his discourse was that as a sarcophagus may to exterior appearances be chaste and carved admirably, yet inside may contain greswome things, so persons may appear graceful to the eye, yet have wicked hearts. Mrs. Hasenstab returned from Jacksonville, where she reports having been royally entertained by Supt. Gordon and his wife.

Mr. Loes was run down by a milk wagon, the pole striking him on the face. He has only just been

able to get out of bed. He is staying with Mr. Day. Mr. Loes' Iowa friends will be glad to hear that he is no worse.

The Tissot exhibition of pictures, depicting the life of the Saviour from the moment the star of Bethlehem shone on him till he conquered death and ascended to heaven, have been attracting a good deal of attention at the Art Institute. Many of the mutes have seen them. It is the result of ten years' work in Palestine by the artist.

I never enter the Art Institute without passing the statue of "The Tired Boxer" by Douglas Tilden, and feeling pride in the work. Perhaps Mr. Tilden anticipated that celebrated Californian boxer in receiving his "solar plexus" blow. The statue of Abbe de l'Epee is on the floor of the room devoted to the books for the Blind in the Public Library. It ought to be in the Art Institute.

Miss Edith Scovill, of Hudson, N. Y., is visiting Miss Leila Nelson, at 13 West 23d Street, New York City.

Mrs. Jacob Staffinger, of East Buffalo, N. Y., gave a children's party last Sunday afternoon, in honor of her daughter Annie's birthday.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

FEBRUARY 12TH—QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. St. Marks Church, Tarrytown. Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A.M., Holy Communion.

The Rev. J. M. Koehler, Rector of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, will officiate at 3 P.M. service in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, and at the 8 P.M., special pre Lent service, in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

On Ash Wednesday, February 15th, the 5 P.M. service in St. Matthew's Church will be interpreted for deaf-mutes, and there will be a service in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes at 8 P.M.

### The Grip.

I feel mean and sick and hateful,  
From the bowl of sorrow sip,  
And the doctor comes and tells me,  
That he thinks "I've got the grip."  
Then he gives me pills and powders,  
Says "My fever is getting high,"  
I'm just sick enough to sit up,  
But not sick enough to die.  
O, I can't tell how I'm feeling,  
Lest it be just like the pup  
Who attacked the nest of hornets,  
For I'm All Broke Up.

I cannot sleep for coughing,  
And my body is full of pains,  
Just like a lot of monkeys  
Were stirring up my brains.  
First I'm sweating, then I'm freezing  
Then I'm hungry then I ain't,  
'Tis enough to try the patience  
Of a Christian or a saint.  
All I do is sit and suffer,  
And drink from trouble's cup,  
While the greedy grip has got me,  
And I'm All Broke Up.

When the doctor comes to see me,  
And my wrist and pulse is wrung,  
Then he says "I'm getting better."  
After he inspects my tongue,  
But I tell him "I am not see it."  
Then with pencil quick he fills  
Another paper calling  
For another lot of pills.  
And I'm full of pills and powders,  
Teas and soups I've had to sup,  
But it don't make any difference—  
I'm All Broke Up.

—Will S. Hays, in Louisville Times.

Don't be molded by your circumstances: mold them.

The way to get over your troubles is to get under them.

You cannot be crooked with men and straight with God.

Don't blow out the lamp of reason the gas light of wit.

True religion boils up from the bottom.

Cultivate the field of life clear up to the corners.

The cry of the needy is the echo of the call of God.

The Christian runs ahead of the commandments.

The man who lives for self, is not missed when he dies.

Unbelief puts up the bars when truth goes hunting.

The man who looks upon the wine when it is red may feel blue later.

Life may be a grand, sweet song, but one can't get much harmony out of it in "A flat."

Self-praise is like a church steeple—the higher it goes the narrower it becomes.

Some girls are like brown sugar—sweet but unrefined.

Even the kangaroo is unable to keep pace with the bounds of possibility.

When a public official imagines himself a big gun, it's time to fire him.

The man who sows the seed of discontent always harvests a crop of trouble.

When a young man embraces a girl, heshows his love for her in a roundabout way.

## NEW YORK.

### St. Ann's Parishioners Organized.

### ASSOCIATION MATTERS.

### Gleanings and Pencillings of a Quiet Week.

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 34th Street, New York City.

The parishioners of St. Ann's Church met and organized under the title of "The Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, of New York City," last Thursday evening, February 2d. About forty were present, and after some remarks by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain concerning customs and the method of procedure, Prof. W. G. Jones read the Constitution and By-Laws, which, with slight alterations, especially in the case of an "unanimous vote," being changed to a "majority vote," were adopted. A nominating committee then presented a list of officers, all of whom were elected without any opposition, as follows: President, *ex-officio*, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Vicar of St. Ann's; Vice-President, *ex-officio*, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, Curate; Second Vice-President, E. A. Hodgson; Secretary, William H. Rose; Treasurer, Albert A. Barnes; Librarian, Henry Lewis; Custodian, William G. Jones. The above, with Messrs. L. N. Soper, C. J. LeClerc and Franklin Campbell, comprise the Board of Managers, who are to report to the annual meetings in May of each year. The regular election is also to be held at this time, when the present Board will be subject to re-election or changes made as may be the choice of the parishioners. There will also be monthly meetings the first Thursday of each month.

The Manhattan Literary Association's handful of members met Thursday evening at Franklin Campbell's house and re-elected the old officers, as follows: President, E. Souweine; Vice-President, F. Campbell; Secretary and Treasurer, T. A. Froehlich; Sergeant-at-arms, M. Korngold. They are considering asking for the use of the guild rooms of St. Ann's Church for their future meetings.

The League of Elect Surds met Saturday, and two novitiates were initiated to the probationary degree, after which about twenty were advanced to the associate degree and four to Companions, after which refreshments were served. The League now has its own club room on 125th street, which it has furnished with chairs, and other necessary paraphernalia. The members each have a key and use of the room at any time for social chats, meetings, games of chess or checkers, etc.

Through the kind invitation of Manager A. A. McCormick, of the Broadway Theatre, Messrs. Fox, Pach, Heyman and the writer, attended the performance of "The Three Dragons" at that place Monday evening, and much to their astonishment found that two of the characters represented one a deaf man and the other a dumb man. Their make-up was so odd and ludicrous as to cause a roar of laughter without the characters doing even any acting. The way they imitated the deaf talk was enough to send vest buttons flying fast and furious, for it consisted mainly of two fingers of each hand working like piston rods of an engine, with an occasional "g, h, i," with both hands. The play is a good one and worth going to see, even though the deaf miss a good deal of the singing and dialogue.

An error in my last letter should be corrected. Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer's father died on the 25th, and not the 18th of Jan. The correction is necessary, as Mrs. and Mrs. Pfeiffer were at the ball on Jan. 19th, before Mr. Pfeiffer, Sr., died, and not after. The cause of his death was cirrhosis of the liver.

The Deaf-Mute Basketball Team play the National Athletic Club at Clarendon Hall, 116 E. 13th St., on Thursday, Feb. 16th, commencing at eight o'clock sharp. The playing of Muech alone should draw a crowd, for he probably is the best player in the country. Admission is twenty-five cents, and it is cheap considering the good show to be had.

Miss Rachel Cohen and Simon Stolzowicz will be married on Feb. 28th, at five o'clock, at New Irving Hall, 214 Broome Street.

Ex-Alderman Robert B. Saul, known to many of the old Fanwood boys, has been appointed inspector of lamps by the Municipal Council—a position carrying with it \$1,500 salary.

### Rev. H. Van Allen's Appointments.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12.  
10:30 A. M.—St. Paul's, Troy.  
8:00 P. M.—St. George's, Schenectady.

Either the saloon must go, or our boys must continue to go—to hell.



STATE OF OHIO.

Wants the National Convention Postponed.

OHIO'S BLIND-DEAF-MUTE.

In Memory of Rev. Benjamin Talbot.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greenier, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

While the deaf in other sections of the country have been agitating the subject of the next National Convention, as to location, little or nothing has been said of it here. In fact it has been a forgotten matter entirely. This is no doubt due to the fact of the two conventions held here last summer, Teachers' and Alumni Association meeting, which have no doubt given them enough of meetings to last for a time at least. In our judgment, it would be better to postpone the meeting at least another year, if that is possible. Everybody is just recovering from a long siege of "hard times," and with the deaf they especially have little money to burn; for no matter where the convention is held, those from a distance will require a well-filled purse to meet expenses. As the association is national in character, it is desirable to have delegates from all quarters of the country and this object can only be secured when money is flush. The JOURNAL's editorial on the subject of the location of the convention when it is held, is fair to all, excepting perhaps to the South, when applied to delegates of this country, but when Canada is included no better place could be named. Detroit might also be named in this connection. Either place is a good convention city, both as regards railway facilities, cool summer breezes and lake rides. But as we stated before, we do not think the time is opportune for holding a convention this year, and if one is held, no matter where, it will be in a large degree a local affair, and that is least desired.

The regular monthly teachers' meeting was held Wednesday afternoon, and after discussing discipline for an hour, a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions of respect to the late Rev. Benj. Talbot.

The following were reported:—

WHEREAS, Our friend and co-worker, Rev. Benjamin Talbot has been removed from our midst by death, and; WHEREAS, he was connected with the Ohio Institution for the Deaf for over a quarter of a century; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death the Institution has lost one of its most faithful and conscientious teachers, who by his many sterling qualities and worthy Christian character won the esteem of all who came in contact with him.

Resolved, That we tender his afflicted children our sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted his children, and that they be published in the Ohio Chronicle.

A. H. SCHORY,  
LEONCE ODEBRECHT,  
LULU STELIZIG,  
ELLA A. ZELE,  
ROBERT PATTERSON.

Superintendent Jones left Sunday noon on a tour inspection among the Eastern schools for the deaf. Monday he was at Western Pennsylvania School and from there went to Mt. Airy. By this time he no doubt is in Gotham and getting "pointers" at Fanwood. The Northampton and Hartford Schools and Gallaudet College will be included in his visits before returning home, which will be about the last of this week.

The Press-Post had a reporter and the Institution Saturday afternoon "taking notes" on the education of the little deaf, dumb and blind boy, Leslie Oren, who is being educated here. The next morning the paper contained a cut and a column or more about the boy, from which we take the following extracts:—

Little Leslie was at one time able to talk and hear as well as any child and his eyesight was considered perfect. At the age of two and a half years he suffered from an attack of spinal meningitis, which came near causing his death and which eventually left him bereft of his powers of sight, speech and hearing. The powers of sight and hearing were suddenly taken away by the dread disease, while the power of speech gradually left him, the physicians and his teacher believe, because he could not hear his own or other voices and

FORGOT HOW TO TALK.

Leslie is a very bright little fellow and notwithstanding his afflictions, seems as happy as any other child.

Under the new law which requires instruction to be given pupils of the State who are deaf-mutes and blind, the parents of the child made application for entrance for their child into the institution for the care of deaf-mutes. The board appointed

Miss Ada Lyon as Leslie's instructor, and for the past five months she made the little fellow her constant care.

Miss Lyon was found seated in the center of the room with her charge on her lap. It was past his school hours, and the little fellow in addition to being tired, was not feeling well, as he was suffering from a slight cold. Notwithstanding this he was

READY TO OBEY

all of her commands and seemed to really enjoy studying out the words she spelled to him on her fingers and when he was made to understand what she wanted to do, he did it willingly and then, having accomplished his task, he would rush back to her for further approbation, which she conveyed to him by patting him on the head or back and caressing him. Leslie is a very affectionate child and likes to be petted, so it is not hard to repay him for a task well done.

Miss Lyon said that when the child came to the institution five months ago he could not communicate to her his smallest wants, not even make her understand when he wanted food or drink. He could not utter an articulate sound and knew nothing of the sign language.

It was hardest to make the beginning. There seemed to be no starting place, nothing but the bond of sympathy between the child and his teacher—and for days the teacher struggled with the little fellow and watched for the first sign which would indicate that he understood her. At last it came. He seemed to understand in part her signs and the ray of light was breaking. Since that time the progress has been wonderfully rapid. Old teachers in the east, who have had experience with persons similarly afflicted, told Miss Lyon not to expect him to be able to spell out a word or grasp the meaning of the sign language during the first year of training. This was not very encouraging, but when Miss Lyon discovered that the child was actually learning the sign language, and then when the little fellow made the

FIRST ATTEMPT TO SPELL

out to her on his fingers his wants, she was delighted, and why should she not be? She was bringing the child back to the world of human associations and opening to him a new life of pleasure and usefulness. The institution is justly proud of this, its first case of the kind, and the whole state of Ohio has cause for rejoicing at the wonderful work which is being accomplished by the quiet teacher in this great institution.

Leslie is as quick as a squirrel. Indeed his teacher said that when he first came to her his restlessness and the quickness of his movements, despite the fact that he was in a new place, and could see absolutely nothing, made her liken him to the squirrel almost constantly.

The first test given the child for the benefit of the Press-Post representative, was a request that he go and get a drink of cold water. The child was taken in the teacher's arms and with his hands in hers, she spelled out slowly

IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE

the request to the boy. He did not repeat it all, but, as she placed him down on the floor so that he might go to the stand some five or six feet away to get the water, he repeated the first and last letter of water—w—r—this is always his sign for water. He went at once to the stand upon which sat two glasses of water, one warm and the other with a piece of ice in it.

Leslie first took up the glass of warm water, but put that down, and felt around until he secured the cold water, and took a drink. Returning to the teacher, he was instructed to get her a drink, which he did, and, after she had taken a sip of the water, he replaced the glass upon the stand.

The long continued cold weather has given the boys ample opportunities to go skating and on the ponds, lakes and creeks near, and they have made the most of the opportunity, whenever they are out of school.

The lady teachers had the girls' recreation hall to themselves and friends last evening, and enjoyed the "light fantastic" for all it is worth.

Miss Bertha Dresback returned to the city this morning, and will resume work in the bindery Monday.

A. B. G.

Feb. 4, '99.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

11—7.30 P.M., Pittsburg, Meeting of members of St. Margaret's Mission.  
13—11.00 A.M., Pittsburg, Holy Communion.  
13—7.30 P.M., Kittanning, Special Service.  
13—7.30 P.M., Oil City, Special Service.  
14—7.00 P.M., Erie, Service.  
14—8.30 P.M.—10.30, Erie, Social.

Other appointments may be made between these dates, in which case, notice will be given by mail. Write to the Rev. Mr. Mann, Gambier, Ohio.

FANWOOD.

The Fanwood Basket Ball Team and the I. A. A.

CURIOUS COGNOMEN FOR CADETS.

A Visit from Supt. Jones of the Ohio School--Happenings in Brief.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

It is to be regretted that Fanwood Athletic Association was not allowed to join the Interscholastic Athletic Association. But self-preservation is the first law of nature, hence the Interscholastic Athletic Association did a wise thing in refusing admission to us. Our teams have shown their superiority to the preparatory schools heretofore, and are doing so now in the line of Basket Ball. The Seniors recently defeated Berkeley School (New York's strongest school team) by score of 33 to 1. Following this comes Pratt Institute—defeated 37 to 4. Brooklyn High School, 22 to 1; and on Saturday they met the well-known team of Cutler School, defeated them in two short halves 31 to 0. I trust our boys' heads are still normal in size. But sincerely trust a school team may be found who can make them hustle. Weight does not count, as all of the teams met have outweighed our boys 10 to 25 pounds a man. Summary of Saturday game, as follows:—

FANWOOD	POSITIONS	CUTLER
E. Ellis	Right Forward	Elliman
S. Dyer	Left Forward	Brown
T. Orman	Center	Butts
E. Rappoldt	Right Guard	Davis
E. Mageriski	Left Guard	Crane
H. Powell		
H. Muench		

Goals from field—Ellis 8, Orman 3, Dyer 1, Powell 1, Mageriski 1, Rappoldt 1. Goals from foul—Ellis 1. Final score—31 to 0.

During the second half, Capt. Ellis put in two Junior team players, and Powell, Junior guard, played the entire game. If there is any preparatory school team looking for glory, kindly write to Physical Director Cook, Fanwood School.

The Fanwood Midgets recently defeated the Crack Midget team of Washington Heights Y. M. C. A., by score of 10 to 6. This team averages 70 pounds.

According to the monogram on our caps, we are simply cadets of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. According to the ideas of the pupils, poetical and otherwise, we are Fanwood cadets. The latter seems much better than the former. The former is too long drawn out. "Fan-Cadets" is brief, clear, and good enough for us. Some one has dubbed this region East Point, I suppose the person meant us for West Point parallels; at any rate, we didn't resent it. We just waited quietly for someone to call us something else—we haven't waited long either. How does "Cold Stream Guards" strike you. If I am not mistaken it is the name of a famous military organization in England. But you don't see any comparison between the Cold Stream guards and ourselves? You don't see what we have done to deserve the title? Well, just wait a few minutes.

The Hudson River lies right before us. Fact is, we've come to look on this stream as sort of private property on which everybody trespasses. We're very fond of the stream and shouldn't know what to do if it suddenly dried up.

In winter it is not a lukewarm stream. It's polar-cold, way down to the bottom of the thermometer, and even in summer it refuses to be warm and hovers to about 40 degrees temperature. Cold stream is it? Of course.

The rest you already catch on to. Being in uniform all the time, one of Major Van Tassel's friends promptly dubbed us the "Cold Stream Guards," and when he goes down to the armory for a drill and happens to meet him, the gentleman is sure to ask: "How are your Cold Stream Guards?"

Superintendent Jones, of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf, paid Fanwood a visit last week. He arrived Wednesday evening, and saw the pupils at study. Thursday morning he saw Companies C and D at their drill, and was delighted with the way the little ones performed the manoeuvres and handled their guns. He was conducted through the various class-rooms by Principal Currier.

The trades schools, power house, Male Kindergarten Department, and the other departments, were shown to him. He was obliged to leave in the afternoon for Northampton, Mass., to visit the school for the deaf there.

The committees on the annual masquerade are: Girls' committee, Miss Alice Judge, Chairman; Misses Gertrude Turner and Katie Ottemer. The Boys' Committee, John H. Keiser, Chairman; Fred. Bachman and Eli Ellis. As in previous years, the affair will be private.

Skating enthusiasts here are enjoying themselves to the utmost. The rink on the boy's playground has grown large enough to accommodate fifty or sixty boys.

Some of the girls have new skates. They have been aching for a chance to skim over the ice. When they heard there was some ice a short way from the Institution, they did not stop to make inquiries, but hurried down to the place. They found some ice, but as it would not accommodate them all, and as it was liberally sprinkled with rocks, sticks, etc., they gave up their hopes of skating for the present.

Tutor Shanks attended the Poultry Show in Madison Square Garden, one day last week.

The Protean Society held its regular monthly meeting in the Cadet officers' quarters. Some important business was transacted. Messrs. Hatowsky, Hannon and Brown, who were admitted on probation, were advanced to full membership.

In the Illustrated Supplement of the New York Commercial, of February 4th, a page is devoted to half-tone portraits of the officers and executive committee of the Harlem Philharmonic Society. Among the portraits of the executive committee is that of Mrs. Enoch Henry Currier, wife of our Principal. The society is composed of prominent and influential ladies, one of its former presidents being Mrs. Daniel Lamont. There are 250 members, and over 100 applications that have been on the waiting list for some time. The eighth anniversary of the society's existence was celebrated by a concert in the Waldorf-Astoria ball room on February 3d. During the past summer, the society raised \$500 toward purchasing an equipment for the hospital ship Relief.

J. H. K.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

OUR COMING PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION IN 1901—A HOT TIME DOWN IN SOUTH BUFFALO.

All the news about the late war or the weather is almost forgotten in the City of Buffalo, notwithstanding we have a regular cold day here, the only talk among the most prominent citizens, likewise the poor man as well as all around among the deaf-mutes is about the coming Pan-American Exposition, which will be held on Cayuga Island, La Salle, N. Y., in 1901. Buffalo citizens showed what Chicago did in six weeks while Buffalo subscribed in five days the full million dollar mark, and as there is still another million and a half to be subscribed, there will be a big time for the deaf-mutes in this city to show themselves up by subscribing for shares at \$10.00 a share. Several deaf-mutes have already done it, and the writer expects to see the others get in line too. A big plan is on hand and what it will be nobody knows, but Mr. Ph. Mane contemplates holding an important meeting on an appointed date to form a Pan-American Club, and for what purpose will be later given out for publication. It will take several days to get things in ship shape order, as Mr. Ph. Mane is now quite busy and can be seen every evening in the Pan-American Subscribing office as interpreter for the deaf-mutes, who are trying to subscribe. All he does is to give them a few pertinent questions and let them sign a subscription blank and hand over with cash or no cash to Mr. Swift. What Mr. Ph. Mane is going to do, the writer is unable to get at, and what he can judge by the number of deaf-mutes who have pledged themselves to be present at the meeting, is that there will be a lively time and as there were already forty names on the Roll Book, can be seen what kind of interest it has for the deaf-mutes of Buffalo. The writer asked Philip Mane why and for what purpose, the club is organized. The only answer he got was: I have nothing to say at present, but you wait and see. To give the scheme away at present would spoil all the work, and to loose it would be a shame to all the other deaf-mutes in the United States. Now the writer is patiently waiting for the date to be fixed and the place of the meeting.

South Buffalo had a hot time notwithstanding the thermometer registered twenty above zero Saturday night, January 28th. About fifteen deaf-mutes and twenty hearing citizens were invited to a party down at the residence of Mr. Ph. Mane, and a jolly time. Hearing people, who sent cards of regret, were Mr. W. J. Connors and daughter, Marguerita Connors, Jack Hanly and wife, Jim Hurly and wife, Pat Malone and wife, R. D. Wilson and wife, Ed. Johnson and wife. Among those present were John Hellins and wife, Geo. Johnson and wife and daughter Bessie, Gus Boubett and Miss Minnie Connel, Martin Roebber and Katie Wagner, Frank Wolfing and Dora Wagner, Chas. Roeder and Alice Juerga, Ed. Mane and Miss Katie O'Leary, Edward Cook and wife. Among the deaf-mutes there were Messrs. Pat. Norton and wife, F. Julier and lady friend, Louis Seelbach, Chas. Voss,

John Phillips, H. Basher, John Conway, Lot Connel, Julius Hanneman, John P. Conlon, Herman Filsinger and Misses Marguerita Collins, Hattie Mane, and Mrs. Clara Peltz. These were all who were present. Dancing was had. The order of dance was as follows:—

1. Waltz.....The Serenade
2. Two Step.....The Boom-e Rag
3. Two Step.....Mississippi Rag
4. Waltz.....My Sweet Janita
5. Two Step.....Ma Rag time Baby
6. Two Step.....Up the Street
7. Waltz.....Coon Carnival
8. Two Step.....Old Fort Porter
9. Two Step.....Give Cinda the Cake

The music was the finest. It was during the sixth dance when the fun began. All were gancing and just walked out the front door outside. Then around to the rear door and into the kitchen to the dining room, where all eyes were turned. There laid two large tables which was fairly packed so, that the table groaned under its weight. Here is the bill of fare, which the writer kindly asked of Mrs. P. J. Mane.

MENU.	
Oyster Stew	Blue fish and Pike
Chicken with Salad	Veal with Salad
Roast Pig with Apple Sauce	
Sweet Corn	Sweet Peas
Mashed Potatoes	Potato Salad
Sweet Potatoes	
DESSERT	
Cakes	Crackers
Ice Cream	Candy
Goffee	Tea
	Wine and Cigars

It was almost twelve when the guests had finished devouring everything on the table. Afterwards dancing was resumed till the wee' sma' hours, when they all began to depart for their homes.

All voted it a jolly time, and promised to come again if another one is gotten up.

Rumors have gone the rounds down here that there will be an imitation of a Brady-Martin ball for the deaf-mutes only. But the writer don't think there is any stock in the talk.

HOT SPUR.

Jan. 30, 1899.

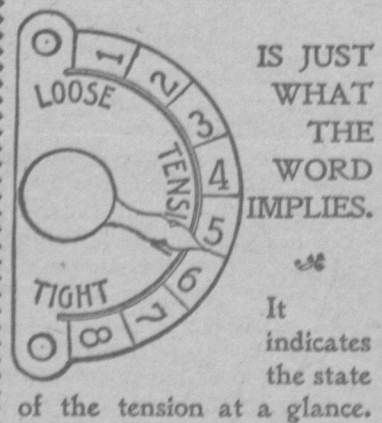
SNOWPLOW KILLED HIM.

MARSHFIELD MAN WHO WAS DEAF MET WITH A SAD FATALITY.

O. R. Luce, of Marshfield, Vt., was struck Thursday, Jan. 26th, by the snow plow on the Montpelier and Wells River railroad and killed. Luce was a deaf man and was walking with his back to the plow. He was struck about one and one half mile west of Lanesboro. Road-master Frank Dodge and the crew of the snow plow did all in their power to warn the man, but evidently Luce did not hear the bell and whistle, nor the cries of the men who tried to attract his attention. The body was taken to Northfield. No possible blame attaches to the employees of the road, who did all in their power to avert the accident. Mr. Dodge shouted until the plow was within six feet of the man. He was hurled quite a distance. As soon as the engine was stopped the crew went back and found the man with his skull crushed and his back broken. He was still breathing but lived only about 10 minutes, never recovering consciousness. The body was picked up and taken to the station at Marshfield. None of the train crew knew the man, but when they took him into the station his brother-in-law happened to be there and told them his name.

The present lumber season in Maine will be one of the best in several years.

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